

P O E M

SACRED TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF THE

Lady *HARRIOT BOTLE*.

Ego meis majoribus virtute praeluxi. Cic.

. D U B L I N,

Printed by HALHED GARLAND, opposite the Custom-house, in Essex-street.

MDCCLVII.

P. O. F. M.

SACRED TO THE

M. E. M. O. R. Y



Lady HARRIOT BOTLE

Two more majorities purchased. Qic.

D. U. B. I. M.

Printed by HALLIDAY GARRARD, opposite the Custom House, in Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXII

T O
HIS EXCELLENCY
HENRY BOYLE Esq.

One of the LORDS JUSTICES,
SPEAKER of the Hon. House of COMMONS,

A N D
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER,

In I R E L A N D,

T H I S
P O E M

Is humbly Inscribed.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

HENRY BOYLE ESQ

One of the LORDS JUSTICES

Speaker of the Hon House of Commons



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

MARLETON

THIS

POEM

is humbly inscribed.

A
P O E M.

Sacred to the MEMORY of
The Lady HARRIOT BOYLE.

IF yet, oh, gen'rous BOYLE! the Tide of
Grief
Subsides, with soothing Comfort; since the
Fate
Of thy lov'd HARRIOT, calls forth all our Tears;
While blended with the vital Stream, that feeds
Thy noble Heart, more dear than Life she lies, 5
And melts the deep Recesses of thy Soul;
Amid the Numbers that deplore your Loss,

Permit

Permit the youthful Bard, with pious Lay,
 To mingle Sorrows with a grateful World,
 To mourn thy widow'd Bed, to deck her Tomb,
 And round the Cypress twine the Muses' Wreath.

AUSPICIOUS Heav'n, to bless this Mortal State,
 Has variously dispos'd the Wills of Men;
 And tho' o'er Life's capacious Sea we spread
 The swelling Canvas to each tempting Gale, 15
 Yet ev'ry Bark one destin'd Course pursues,
 And Happiness the Port: Nor can that Star,
 Bright Phosphor, Regent of the orient Day,
 With more Assurance guide the Merchant's Hopes,
 Who stems the Indian Main, to Pagan Coasts, 20
 Japan or China, than the brighter Dawn
 Of Woman's Radiance, in whose lucid Eyes
 Serenest Lustre shines, directs, attracts,
 And wins the Heart of Man to perfect Bliss.

YET

YET some there are, the Churls of Nature, who
 Deride the Charms of Beauty, and defy
 Her gentle Pow'r: Wretch! boast, with Stoic Pride,
 Thy more than savage Breast; but know, thy Soul
 Was never fram'd susceptible of Joy;
 Nor ever shalt thou feel the mutual Hopes 30
 Of social Tenderneſs and fair Deſire,
 That wait the Pleaſures of connubial Love,

SOME, baſely fordid! offer to the Shrine
 Of Plutus their Devoirs; and curs'd with Minds
 Unconſcious of the Female Worth, adore 35
 The Maid of Wealth alone; and when poſſeſs'd
 Slight one worth Mines of Gold: The venal Fools!
 To toil, and fix their Souls on Treasures, when
 Each to his Boſom takes a Jewel, bright
 As Phoebus ever rip'd in Golcond Hills, 40

And,

And, like the sun-burnt Moor, throws it aside,
Nor knows the Value of the Gem he wears.

WHILE others, pleas'd with Beauty's dædal Form,
Where Nature's lavish Hand, profusely pours
The roseate Hues and vernal-tinctur'd Bloom, 45
Of Angel Likeness; truest Work of Heav'n!
Insensible of each cælestial Grace,
And Virtue of the Mind, Ixion like
They clasp an airy Phantom, and, with Looks
Lascivious, gloat, in wanton Dalliance, on 50
The florid Spring of Features, sweetly blush'd,
Like op'ning Roses in the vernal Morn,
Or ripen'd Fruitage on autumnal Boughs.

BUT, blest the Man, whose happy Nature glows
With chastest Love! and can, thro' Reason's Beam,
Dispel the Mists of each inglorious Sense; 56
Whose

Whose cautious Eye discerns, whose Soul esteems
 The Merit of the Fair; nor builds his Hopes
 Of Hymeneal Joys, on the faint Base
 Of golden Wealth, or Beauty's transient Lore; 60
 Nor on the flow'ry Lap of Pleasure, lolls
 In shameful Ease; but from his manly Breast
 Can shake each Syren Bait that lures Mankind:
 Him, haply some distinguish'd Bride, shall crown
 With each selected Worth, that can improve 65
 The winning Softness of the Female Sway,
 And add new Transports to the Nuptial State:
 Shall bless his Prime with ev'ry sacred Pledge
 Of Nature; the fair Issue of their Loves,
 Down the lone Wane of Life, with filial Care 70
 Bring Comfort, and; with pious Fondness, strive
 To smoothe the Journey of declining Age:
 Then who shall say, Man's frail Duration, knows
 Nor Joy, nor Satisfaction? Gracious Heav'n!

The

The Good and Just still claim thy high Regard; 75
 And such thy Fav'rite, BOYLE, of late possess'd!

As when the splendid Rainbow's humid Arch,
 Collected by the Sun's effulgent Rays,
 The wide Horizon streaks with all the Brede
 Of mingling Colours; gazing Man admires 80
 The regular Complex, pleas'd to descry
 How Light transparent thro' the various Change
 Of sinking Shades, the sable Darkness shrouds:
 Nor does that watry Sign appearing, more
 Advance the Peasant's Hopes, when scorching Heat
 Has parch'd the thirsty Glebe, which longs to drain
 Refreshing Moisture; than Her bounteous Alms,
 Mild as the Dews of Heav'n, supply'd the Poor.

WHETHER we trace her in the Public Sphere
 Of Dignity, where, spreading to the World 90
 The

The fairest Honours of her noble Blood,
 Sublime she shone, and scorn'd the tinsel Blaze
 Of low Ambition, and the Glare of Pride:
 Or rather, shall we trace her private Calm
 Of sweet Domestic Life, and to her Sex 95
 Point out the Pattern of excelling Worth;
 The tender pleasing Wife, or Parent mild;
 The loving Sister, or the Friend sincere:
 Then shall we find her gradual Virtues rise
 To just Perfection; like this vast Machine 100
 Of Universal Being, where each Tie,
 The most minute, contributes to the Scale
 Of Order, and in fix'd Succession join
 To knit the mighty Frame in stable Bands.

Not with a purer and more holy Flame, 105
 Devoted Vestals at the Altar kneel,
 And breathe the fervent Raptures of the Soul;
 Than

Than round Her spotless Heart Religion glow'd,
With all the Inspiration of it's God!

Thence, sprung benignant Charity, and wide 110
Diffus'd her mild Benevolence, to each
Afflicted Object, whose imbitter'd Hours,
Damp'd with the Pangs of Want, in Anguish roll'd;
Yet, from her lib'ral Hand, ev'n Languor learn'd
To steal a Smile, and Poverty rejoice. 115

To sum the Graces that illum'd Her Mind,
What were it but to count the myriad Host
Of Stars, that gild the dusky Cone of Night,
Innumerable? But the Muse delights
To flow, oh Virtue! in thy Praise divine. 120
The Spartan Matron, nor the Roman Bride,
With more respectful Ardour, press'd their Lords
To each fair Bosom; not a nobler Dow'r,
Of Faith, Affection, Friendship, Truth, and Love,
Did

Did Cato's Daughter, godlike Brutus yield, 125
 Than what to honour'd BOYLE, his HARRIOT
 bore.

Lamented Shade! 'twas thine, with all the Care,
 Of kind maternal Tendernefs, and Love,
 To train the smiling Offspring of thy Bed,
 To ev'ry noble, and exalted Aim; 130
 To form their growing Minds, to virtuous Deeds,
 Fair Honour, and the gen'rous Love of Truth:
 She might have taught the Dove, with more
 Concern

To tend its Brood; or shown (if fuch there be)
 The wond'rous Pelican to feed her Young, 135
 Tho' with the ruddy Drops that warm her Heart:
 Hence, in her Female Hopes, we gladly trace
 Her near Refemblance; which fhall oft, awake
 The Father's pious Sorrows, as he bends

His

His pitying Eye, and, in their Likeness, sees 140
 The dear lov'd Creature, that once fill'd his Arms :
 And when his Life (which Heav'n prolong!)
 shall end,

And mix his Ashes, with her cold Remains,
 To seek Reunion in the Bed of Death ;
 Then, shall their Manly Issue bless Mankind, 145
 And by each patriot, and heroic Grace,
 Assert the noble Authors of their Birth.
 Thus, like the glorious Sun's far shooting Rays,
 That warm awhile the Arctic Climes (she shone)
 Then rowls his beamy Orb, to distant Skies, 150
 Leaving the Natives of the frigid Zone,
 To mourn his Absence, half the circling Year.

DEATH! thou hast stricken far the noblest Deer,
 The World's wide Pales inclos'd; oh, could thy
 Shafts

No

No Victim find, among the baser Herd ! 155

But, as when hostile Armies, in the Front
Of Battle, range their long extended Files ;
While dreadful Cannon, with disploding Burst,
Rend the arch'd Vault of Heav'n ; some levell'd Shot,
Wing'd with Destruction, flies, with Aim direct,
Scorning each common Mark, 'till in the Breast
Of some great Chieftain, all its Fury dies.

Now, may the Atheist with irrev'rent Tongue,
Unmindful of his precious Soul, deny
The Rule of Providence, and give to Chance, 165
The Work of Fate ; what stronger Reasons, can
He find, when thus the Virtuous and the Great,
Among the Vulgar, undistinguish'd, fall ?
Yet wer't Thou loath, fell Monarch of the Grave,
To seize so fair a Prey ; and, dubious, long 170
Suspended Destiny's uplifted Stroke ;

Or

Or was it, her aspiring Soul, disdain'd
 These earthly Bonds, and wafted by a Choir
 Of warbling Angels, gain'd the Realms of Day?
 Sunk in the kindred Tomb, the mortal Spoils 175
 Remain, bedew'd with many a bitter Show'r,
 A mourning Land, inconsolable, sheds.

ILL Fate outstrips the Wind: Th'unwelcome Tale
 Already has the western Blast, to thee,
 O! BURLINGTON! convey'd; thy aking Breast,
 Swells with fraternal Sighs; and from thy Mind,
 Rich with the Treasures, ev'ry Science yields,
 Drives each gay Scheme, thy curious Genius plann'd,
 To shame Vitruvius', or Palladio's Art:
 Now shall the Chiswick Bow'rs, invite their Lord,
 To pensive Solitude; where, thro' the Gloom,
 Of solemn Groves, and deep embow'ring Glades,
 Musing he wanders; and with awful Pause,

Rowls

Rows his sad Eyes, erect to Heav'n; or bends,
 With anxious Brow, dejected, to the Ground : 190
 Or lull'd to Slumber, on the downy Couch,
 Extatic Visions rise; perhaps he views
 How Shakespeare's grateful Shade, how Gay, or
 Pope's

Unbody'd Forms, with Harmony divine,
 Conduct her to the blest Abodes; perhaps 195
 The Train of his fam'd Ancestors, he sees,
 Salute, and crown her with the righteous Wreath
 Of Immortality; Thee too, he sees,
 Unfold eternal Wisdom to her Soul,
 Great Sage of Nature! whose unbounded Mind,
 Pierc'd thro' the Limits of this central Sphere,
 Earth's min'ral Womb, the argent Fields of Air,
 The latent Wonders of th' unfathom'd Deep,
 And clear'd abstruse Philosophy to Sense.

Oh, BURLINGTON! had thy lov'd Pope surviv'd,
 Then

Then had his friendly Pen, transmitted down
 To late Futurity, thy Sister's Praise,
 And with unfading Laurels, spread her Tomb.
 Immortal Poet! since thy tuneful Lyre,
 No more resounds, but in mute Silence mourns
 Its Master; the once dear presumptuous Youth,
 Thy Fondness grac'd, and with indulgent Smile,
 Led to Pierian Springs, now feebly strives,
 In languid Numbers, to attend her Hearse.

NOR Words can paint, nor Thought conceive
 the Pangs, 215

The mighty Anguish, the sad Comfort feels:
 Round his forsaken Bed, with fond Embrace,
 He stretches his deluded Arms, in vain,
 To clasp the Partner of his former Joys;
 Or else, revolving, those selected Hours 220
 Of happiest Fate, when first her youthful Charms,
 Crown'd

Crown'd his deserving Love ; or traces o'er
 Their circled Years of conjugal Delight,
 Waking each softer Passion of the Soul.

ILLUSTRIOUS Mourner ! tho' thy Loss, exceeds
 All human Aid ; yet calm thy lab'ring Breast ;
 See, where HIBERNIA, like a Rival, claims
 Thy Love ; see Thousands on thy Councils wait ;
 And a whole Nation, on thy Cares depend.

THOU, highly grac'd, in noble Hardwicke's Love,
 Oh, NEWPORT ! tho' thy equitable Voice, 230
 Expounds the mystic Oracles of Law,
 And with impartial Reason, like thy Yorke,
 Interprets Justice, and distributes Right ;
 Well may thy gracious Tongue, awhile defer 235
 To plead the Widow's, and the Orphan's Suit ;
 Or let the proud Oppressor know, nor Wealth,
 Nor

Nor Titles can o'erpoise Astræa's Scale;
 Since Boyle, and Friendship, call thee, to exert
 The tender Office of a Friend sincere, 240
 Whose soft Persuasion, kindly may instil,
 The Seeds of Comfort, and Affliction heal.

THE solemn Train, in sable Vestments clad,
 The fun'ral Pomp, in long Procession trail'd,
 May strike the Vulgar with external Shew; 245
 But hence, the wiser Man, Compassion draws,
 When thus the mortal Stroke on Virtue falls,
 And robs the World, of such transcendent Worth;
 While there, amid the moving Throng, he sees
 Thousands and Thousands, that might welcome
 Fate, 250
 And not demand a Tear; nor ceases thus,
 But meditates the circling Rounds of Time;
 Learns, we are born the Tenants of the Grave,
 And

And there, surrender up the Lease of Life:
 Life, like the Dial, in the Sunshine Hour, 255
 Looks gay, and tells the happy State of Men;
 But, oh! what driving Clouds o'ershade the Day!
 And not one Moment can our Bliss insure!

LET me be just, but from my Verse exclude
 The partial Flatteries, of a venal Pen; 260
 Others, may, with a spurious Blaze, diffuse
 False Glories, round the undeserving Great,
 And at their Exits, tell how Thunders roll'd,
 How livid Lightnings flash'd along the Skies,
 What devious Comets shew'd their baleful Heads;
 Make Earth's deep Center shake, all Nature start;
 And this the Fiction of poetic Dreams:
 Thy Acts, bright Soul! disdain the fulsome Phrase
 Of coin'd Eulogiums; let the World be taught,

When

When Virtues, such as thine, inspire the Muse, 270
 Who paint them truest, shall applaud them most.

THE curious Sculptor, with her awful Bust,
 May animate the Block, and round the Base,
 Inscribe her Ancestry, in high Descent;
 But my recording Strain, would fain erect 275
 Her Cenotaph, in ev'ry worthy Breast,
 And carve her Mem'ry in the Hearts of Men.

WHERE eastern Ganges, wafts his spacious Tide,
 (Whose Flood confin'd proud Alexander's Hopes)
 And spreads his Waters to the rising Day; 280
 Let the dark Indian, with undaunted Mind,
 Perish amid the flaming fun'ral Pile;
 These Pagan Rites, not Virtue, Custom prompts,
 Thro' blind Obedience to the Brachman's Voice,
 And Dread of Infamy: but, Christians, taught
 With

With Patience, meekly, to support the Load
 Of wretched Life ; with Fortitude can brave
 Opposing Ills, and wait the Call of Heav'n.

Hence, when the bitter Show'r, streams from the
 Eye

Of aged Fondness, o'er the breathless Corse 290

Of some dear Child ; or when, the sharp'ning Pangs

Of Anguish, wring the widow'd Husband's Heart ;

The last sad Office paid, awhile the Gloom

Of sable Hangings, may repel the Day,

And by the lonely Taper, weeping sit 295

The frantic Father, or the Spouse forlorn :

Yet Virtue, from the hallow'd Page of Truth,

The Gospel's holy Light, resplendent dawns,

Informs their anxious Minds, content to bend,

With Resignation, to the Will Supreme, 300

And calms the warring Tumults of their Souls.

Then

THEN, since all-ruling Heav'n ordains the Date
 Of this frail Being, to proportion'd Ills,
 Not one, by rigid Fate, exempted stands;
 Let us, with humble Adoration, praise
 Th' omniscient Hand, that from this transient Spot
 To Joys immense, thy favour'd HARRIOT bore

FORGIVE, immortal Saint; if ought from Dust
 Low-warbled, can attain thy Ear, forgive
 Our erring Zeal; if from our narrow Views,
 We mourn, mistaken, thy Seraphic State

F I N I S

The first of these is the fact that the
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the fact that from our own

